

“You’ve got prayers!” sang Plume’s laptop.

Plume gazed in wide-eyed astonishment at the number of unread prayers she had in her email client.

“What’s wrong?” asked Cover as he slid over to her side.

“I don’t know,” Plume replied as she began to type. She frowned. ““Please, Lord Plume, grant me the strength I need to bring glory to your name.’ Sounds good to me!” She smiled and sent off a response. Then she began to write a macro.

Cover frowned. “What are you doing?”

“I’m getting prayers about ten times faster than normal,” Plume began. “They are mostly asking me to help them bring glory to me. So, I’m writing a macro to answer them more easily.”

“You can’t do that!” cried Cover.

“Sure I can. It’s actually pretty simple.”

“Your followers are trusting you to give them personal attention!”

“I am! I’m giving them personal attention via machine. It’s more efficient.”

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Within his pokeball, the torchic prayed to his patron. “Lord Plume, I be facing insurmountable odds. I ask that ye grant me power greater than that of all ye followers. So that I can stop them from desecrating yer name.”

There was a flash of light and a warhammer dropped at his feet. He picked it up and his eyes widened. “Shiver me timbers! This be a duplicate of Streamer’s weapon!”

Suddenly he felt a human hand rummaging between his pokeball and those of his two new companions.

“Pick me!” he yelled. “I have an important mission!”

The hand paused. Then he was lifted and his pokeball let him out.

“M-me too!” squealed the girl who had grabbed him. “Th-the V-Voices didn’t w-want you either. W-we’re the same!” She was wearing a large smile. “Um. Y-you’d better s-stop the poochyena.”

The torchic turned around and saw his opponent. He raised his hammer and smashed the poochyena on the head as meteorites fell from the sky. “This be amazing!” he cried. “I can save Plume’s name with this power!”